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The Great Bell Roland.

[Mottley relates that the famous bell Roland of Ghent was an object of great affection to the people, because it always rang to arm them when liberty was in danger.—N. Y. Evening Post.]

BY THEODORE TILTON.

I.

Toll! Roland, toll!
—High in St. Bavon's tower
At midnight hour
The great bell Roland spoke:
And all who slept in Ghent awoke:
—What meant its iron stroke?
Why caught each man his blade?
Why the hot haste he made?
Why echoed every street
With tramp of thronging feet—
All flying to the city's walls?
It was the call
Known well to all
That Freedom stood in peril of some foe:
And even timid hearts grew bold
Whenever Roland toll'd,
And every hand a sword could hold:—
For men
Were patriots then,
Three hundred years ago!

II.

Toll! Roland, toll!
Bell never yet was hung
Between whose lips there swung
So true and brave a tongue!
—If men be patriots still,
At thy first sound
True hearts will bound,
Great souls will thrill—
Then toll! and wake the test
In each man's breast,
And let him stand confess'd!

III.

Toll! Roland, toll!
—Not in St. Bavon's tower
At midnight hour—
Nor by the Scheldt, nor far off Zuyder Zee,
But here—this side the sea!—
And here in broad bright day!
Toll! Roland, toll!
For not by night awaits
A brave foe at the gates,
But treason stalks abroad—inside!—at noon!
Toll! Thy alarm is not too soon!
To Arms! Ring out the Leader's call!
Re-echo it from East to West
Till every dauntless breast
Swell beneath plume and crest!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till swords from scabbards leap!
Toll! Roland, toll!
—What tears can widows weep
Less bitter than when brave men fall?
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till cottager from cottage wall
Snatch pouch and powder-horn and gun—
The heritage of sire to son
Ere half of Freedom's work was done!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till son, in memory of his sire,
Once more shall load and fire!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till volunteers find out the art
Of aiming at a traitor's heart!

IV.

Toll! Roland, toll!
—St. Bavon's stately tower
Stands to this hour,—
And by its side stands Freedom yet in Ghent
For when the bells now ring,
Men shout "God save the King!"
Until the air is rent!
—Amen!—So let it be:
For a true King is he
Who keeps his people free.
Toll! Roland, toll!
This side the sea!
No longer they but we
Have now such need of thee!
Toll! Roland, toll!
And let thy iron throat
Ring out its warning note
Till Freedom's perils be outbraved,
And Freedom's flag, wherever waves,
Shall overshadow none enslaved!
Toll! till from either ocean's strand
Brave men shall grasp each other's hand
And shout, "God save our native land!"
—And love the land which God hath saved!
Toll! Roland, toll!

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sketches of French Musical History.

XIV.

COMIC OPERA.

1800—1830.

We have before remarked that literature and the fine arts always reflect the general ideas current at any given point of time in the civilization of a people. We find a new proof of this remark in the rapid notice which we are to give in this paper of the lives and musical characteristics of the six composers, Dalayrac, Mehul, Berton, Catel, Nicolo and Boieldieu.

Dalayrac was born at Muret, in Languedoc, June 13, 1753. From his infancy, a taste, amounting to a passion, drew him to music in spite of his father, who intended him for the bar. The young composer, preferring art to the Digests, used to spend his evenings in the garret of the house where he could practise the violin without being heard. Some nuns in the next house discovered his secret, and the persevering artist was allowed to follow the bent of his nature. He was sent to Paris in 1774 to enter the guards of the Count d'Artois, where he immediately placed himself under the instruction of Langle, a pupil of Caffaro, who gave him lessons in harmony. His first publications were some stringed quartets under an assumed name. In 1781 he produced two comic operas which were performed with success at court, *Le Petit souper* and *le Chevalier à la mode*. Encouraged by these fortunate attempts he made his first appearance at the Opera Comique in 1782 with his *Eclipse totale*. Within thirty years from that time he had composed, almost always with success, fifty operas, of which the more known are *Nina* (1786), *Azémina*, *Raoul de Crépu*, *les Deux petits Savoyards*, *Vert-Vert*, *Camille en le Souterrain*,

Romeo et Juliette, *Gulnare*, *Alexis*, *Adolphe et Clara*, *Maison à Vendre* (1800), *Picaros et Diego*, *Une heure de Mariage*, *Gulistan* and *le Poete et le Musicien*, (1811).

The music of Dalayrac is graceful, flowing and easy. It contains a great number of pleasing romances and airs which have become popular. His orchestration is simple and never overpowers the voice. His score to *Camille* is of high dramatic color; his *Nina* is full of sentiment and interest; in short, all his works exhibit happy inspirations. The talents of Dalayrac were ennobled by his personal character. In 1790, when a failure had deprived him of the fruits of his industry and economy, he annulled the will of his father, which had benefited him at the expense of his brother, a cadet. He was made one of the Legion of Honor at the institution of the order; and died at Paris, Nov. 27, 1809, just as he finished putting his last work upon the stage. His life has been written by Piérécourt. A pamphlet printed in 1791, entitled "Reponse à MM. les directeurs de spectacles," which argued against certain of their decrees in 1789, was from Dalayrac's pen.

If this composer was a representative of the elegance of the old regime, Mehul, on the contrary, paints well the republican epoch and the first empire.

Mehul was born at Givet (Ardennes), June 24, 1763, the son of a cook, who was hardly able to pay the expense of the boy's education. At first his only instruction in music was from a poor, old, blind organist; but his progress was such that the organ of the church of the Recollets, at Givet, was entrusted to him at the age of ten years. Two years later the boy was introduced to Hanser, the celebrated organist of the abbey de Lavaldieu, who took him as his pupil. The Abbot put him upon the footing of a novice, and he repaid this kindness afterward by two years' service as assistant organist. Mehul seemed now upon the point of passing his life in a cloister, when the colonel of a regiment, foreseeing the destiny of the precocious youth took him to Paris at the age of sixteen and confided him to the skillful instruction of Edelmann. In 1781 two works, sonatas, by Mehul, were published by Lachevardière; these productions only show that the genius of their composer had found its true path. Adding the dramatic style to the instrumental, and profiting by the counsels of the illustrious Gluck, Mehul became one more great master of the French school. At the concert spirituel in 1782, he brought out an ode dedicated to J. B. Rousseau, and then wrote three operas under the direction of Gluck, *Psyche*, *Anacreon* and *Lausus et Lydie*. Next came *Alonzo et Cora* which was accepted at the opera, but was withheld from the stage six years. Irritated but not discouraged by this injustice, he turned his attention to the Opera Comique, and composed the drama *Euphrosine et Coradin*, which was performed in 1790. This work exhibits the talents of its author in their full maturity. Noble vocal

parts, instrumentation much more brilliant and powerful than had been heard in France up to this time, a true feeling for the demands of the stage and great vigor of expression in the painting of strong situations, these were the qualities which he showed in this, which may be considered as his first great opera. Then came *Cora*, followed by *Stratonice*, in which the air "Versez tous vos chagrins" gained great applause, and a quartet, the admiration of artists. The overture of the *Jeune Henri* aroused enthusiasm and the *Irato* gained deserved success; *Uthal* was too monotonous in color. But it was in his *Joseph*, that the author displayed all the grandeur of his style, the copiousness of his melody and his truth of sublime expression. *Joseph* is a biblical poem, a sort of oratorio, which gained much by being produced at the opera. *La Journée aux Aventures* was the last work of Mehul. His health was gradually undermined by an affection of the chest, and he died Oct. 18, 1817, aged fifty-four years.

Berton, son of a distinguished composer, was born at Paris, Sept. 17, 1797, four years after the birth of Mehul. He began the study of music at the age of ten and at fifteen entered the orchestra of the grand opera as violinist. He studied composition first with Rey, then with Sacchini, who gave his pupil, so happily endowed by nature, excellent advice upon the disposition of melodic ideas, upon modulation and the management of dramatic scenes. Drawn to the theatre by an irresistible impulse, Berton took the *Frascatana* of Paisiello as his model. He procured the text of an opera entitled *La Dame invisible*, and set it to music. Sacchini, finding in it marks of real talent, wanted the young author to come daily and work at his house. In 1786 Berton produced oratorios and cantatas at the concerts spirituelles and the following year gave at the Italian comedy *les Promesses de Mariage*, his first opera publicly given, and one which was favorably received. In *les Rigueurs de Clôître*, text by Fievée, Berton began to exhibit his own peculiar style. *Ponce de Leon*, *Montano et Stephanie*, and *le Délire* are the works in which the characteristics of his simple, expressive, touching style are best seen. In 1795 he was appointed professor of harmony in the conservatory at Paris. He was director of the music of the opera buffa from 1807 to 1809, during which time he brought out Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, that masterpiece which developed the taste of the French for truly beautiful music. Leaving the Italian Opera he was appointed vocal director at the Grand Opera, under Picard. In June, 1815, the number of the members of the musical section of the Institute being increased from three to six, Berton, Catel and Cherubini were joined by Gossec, Moina and Mehul. Soon after the king Louis XVIII. made him chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and at the new re-organization of the conservatory Berton obtained the chair of high composition and was placed upon the examining committee.

An instinctive perception of stage effect is a predominating quality in the style of Berton; but we find in him also a certain originality of melody, harmony, modulation and instrumentation. *Montano et Stephanie* may probably be distinguished as the masterpiece of this composer, not denying however the great merits of *Aline reine de Golconde* and *les Maris Garçons*. A

complete list of his works may be found in Fétis "Biographie." We will only add that beside his fifty scores, we owe to him a *Traité d'harmonie*, 4 vols. 4to, and a pamphlet, *Epître à Boieldieu*, upon music mechanical and philosophical.

Among the serious artists whom a too frivolous generation will be disposed to let fall into undeserved oblivion must be named Catel. He was born at Laigle in June, 1773, and came very young to Paris to perfect himself for his musical career. Sacchini caused him to enter the royal school of singing and declamation, founded in 1783, by Papillon de la Ferté, the director of the Menus-Plaisirs. There Catel studied the piano-forte under Gobert, and was initiated into the principles of harmony and composition by Gossec. He was appointed professor in the school in 1787, accompanist at the opera from 1790 to 1802, and at the organization of the conservatory, Sarrette named him professor of harmony. Being appointed to prepare the *Traité d'harmonie* for the school, he, at a meeting of the professors, presented a work which still forms the basis of solid instruction in the science. In 1810 he was joined to Gossec, Mehul and Cherubini as inspector of the conservatory, but resigned the place in 1814. From that time he accepted nothing but his nomination to the Institute in 1815, and the cross of the legion of honor, which was conferred upon him in 1824, without solicitation on his part.

His opera, *Semiramis*, brought out in 1802, had not the success which its merit deserved. The general impression was, it was "too learned." Be that as it may, *l'Auberge de Bagnères* and *les Artistes par occasion* were successful at the Opera Comique in 1807. *Les Aubergistes de qualité*, a composition rather cold, but the melodies of which are exquisite in taste, appeared in 1812. *Le Premier en date*, and the *Siege de Mezières* were followed by Wallace in 1817, which must be held worthy of honor as Catel's masterpiece. We find in this work a very powerful dramatic sentiment and a local color perfectly appropriate to the subject. Notwithstanding his successes Catel became disgusted with the theatre. His operas upon the whole obtaining neither popular ovations nor productive receipts, he ceased to write, seeking in the encouragement of young artists and in the delights of a peaceful life, a pure and noble compensation for triumphs, which he could not gain upon the stage. The collection of musical pieces for national festivities contains much from Catel's pen; he wrote also chamber music and in 1815 published a second edition of the excellent solfeggio exercises of the Conservatory. To an understanding, most just and fine, he added a character of the severest probity and all the qualities of a pure soul. His gratitude to his early protector never faltered; his kindness to young musicians knew no limits.

That which above all gives the breath of life to dramatic music is melodic idea and scenic sentiment; these qualities will cause the works of Nicolo and Boieldieu to live.

Nicolo Isouard, son of a French father, was born at Malta in 1775. He came early to Paris to enter the navy, but afterwards accepted a situation at Malta as clerk in a banking house; but he already felt his vocation to be music and dreamed of dramatic successes. An old teacher of counterpoint, Michael Angelo Vella, took a liking for him and instructed him in the elements

of harmony. Azzopardi, chapel-master to the Knights of Malta, put him afterwards to the study of fugue in the old healthy Italian method. His father, however, now sent him to Palermo to forget his music in the dull routine of a counting house. But spite of his numerous duties, Isouard continued his studies under the direction of Amendola, who formed his taste by causing him to play the accompaniments of the last works of Leo, Durante and Clari. At a later date being employed by some German bankers at Naples he finished his pupillage in the study of composition with Sala and Guilielmi. From this time, in opposition to the wishes of his family, he abandoned commerce to devote himself entirely to the cultivation of music.

Coming to Florence he wrote there his first opera, *Avviso ai Maritati*, and soon after brought out at Leghorn *Artaserse*, which had deserved success. De Rohan Grand Master of the Maltese order, now called him home in capacity of organist, and afterwards appointed him chapel-master. Upon the arrival of the French at Malta and the suppression of the order, Nicolo employed his leisure in the composition of operas, some of them translations from the French, others original Italian texts, for the theatre of the place. After the capitulation Gen. Vaubois took him to Paris as his secretary. There Nicolo met Rudolph Kreutzer, who like a devoted friend aided him with his purse and influence in smoothing the path to success.

Le Tonnelier (1799) was Nicolo's first opera produced at Paris. This essay was followed by *La Statue*, *Baiser et la Quittance* and the *Petit Page*. Thus far the talents of the young composer excited no great attention; but *Michel Ange*, (1802) *les Confidences*, *le Medecin Turc*, *Leonce ou le Fils adoptif*, and above all *l'Intrigue aux fenêtres* (1805) placed him among the favorite composers of the public. Between 1805 and 1811 he added fourteen operas to this list—the best known of which is *les Rendezvous bourgeois* (in 1 act, 1807). His chosen co-laborers were Hoffmann and Etienne. Upon Boieldieu's return to Paris, Nicolo added breadth and grandeur to his style, and composed *Cendrillon*, *Joconde*, and *Jeannot et Colin* (1814) works which remain in the repertory of the Opera Comique, as types and models of sentiment, freshness, naiveté and melody. Nicolo died at Paris, March 23, 1818 in his forty-third year, leaving his *Aladin ou la Lampe merveilleuse* unfinished.

Nature's Piano.

HOW MUSICAL SOUNDS COME FROM FOSSILS—THE "LITHOPHONE."

(Correspondence of the Evening Post.)

PARIS, MARCH 20, 1861.

Though the greatest of poets has declared that there are "sermons in stones," the most learned of geologists have failed to discover that there is music in fossils; a discovery which has nevertheless been made by an amateur brother of the craft, Monsieur Bordes, an ingenious Frenchman, equally addicted to rhyming, music-making, sketching and geologising, the happy possessor of an hereditary estate in the Perigord, a patrimony which rejoices at once in the euphonious and suggestive designation of "Le Petit Paradis" for the richness and variety of the fossils found within its borders.

That the owner of even a "little" paradise should be the first to reveal to the ears of later ages the mysterious harmonies that have lain dormant ever since the flood might almost be anticipated as the result of a preëxistent fitness in the nature and relationship of things; at all events, this gentleman, after twelve years of incessant tapping and hammering on tens of thousands of "specimens" dug up by his people all

over his estate, has at length succeeded in obtaining eighteen sonorous fossils, which, when struck with a piece of stone, give out a clear, defined musical sound, in quality much resembling the tones of musical glasses, and constituting, to the extent of these eighteen "keys," a complete and perfect musical gamut of tones and semitones, following each other in regular order, and forming a sort of fossil piano. This instrument, unique in its way, has been brought to Paris by its maker, who is exhibiting it for the edification of the curious, under the name of "the lithophone, or natural piano." The Academy of Sciences has named a commission to report upon this original instrument, and upon the many other curious fossils found by M. Bordes in his own grounds, and brought by him to Paris.

CONSTRUCTION OF THE LITHOPHONE.

The lithophone consists of a rough plank, about five feet long and six inches broad, placed in a rustic frame composed of moss-covered twigs; straight ones, roughly nailed together, forming the bottom of this frame; others, bent into semi-circles and nailed upon these, forming the sides. In this frame—which is supported by rustic legs and looks very much like a rude magnified *jardinière*—lies the afore-mentioned plank, and upon this plank are placed the fossils which constitute the keys of the lithophone. The fossils are not fastened down in any way, but are merely laid on the plank side by side, one after the other. The progression of the tones is the same as in the piano; the deepest being to the left of the performer, and the scale ascending, in tones and semitones, to his right. The fossils on which he performs by striking them with the pieces of stone he holds in each hand, are of various shapes and sizes; differences which seem, however, to have nothing to do with the differences of the tones they emit on being struck.

ITS NOTES.

The first and deepest key is fossil No. 1. It is a queer, thin, spreading three-cornered piece of the root of a tree, which presents the appearance of having been sawn across in its wooden days; it is warped or bent, like the top of an overgrown mushroom, and each of its two principal ends gives out a distinct note, forming together a perfect fifth. Between the two notes furnished by this fossil there is a gap which is not filled by the notes of any of the fossils; fossil No. 2 forming the note next above the highest of the two notes given out by fossil No. 1, and the sounds of the others following in the same order as the notes of a piano.

The sounds given out by these fossils, though clear sweet, loud, and as truly musical as those of any other instrument, possess a peculiar wildness and freshness of tone that impart a very original character to the music of the lithophone, and seem naturally to carry the hearer's fancies among woods, waters, winds and mountains, calling up thoughts of country scenes and sounds. Bella, peasants' dances, the songs of birds and cries of insects, seem to blend in the tones of this curious instrument with the more orthodox developments of musical expression. The pieces played by M. Bordes on his fossil piano are, for the most part, his own composition, and are really as charming as original.

ITS ORIGIN.

The idea of "forming an instrument made solely by nature" seems to have suggested itself to the amateur geologist in this wise. He had been engaged for several years in making a collection in an empty greenhouse of the fossils found on his estate, when, happening to strike one of these with a stone, he was struck by its emission of a pure musical sound, and hung it up at the door of his "museum," with a piece of stone beside it, that visitors might amuse themselves by striking it on arriving, instead of ringing the bell. A year or two afterwards when going over a hilly part of his grounds to attend a singing meeting got up by him among the neighboring peasants, he chanced to strike his foot against what he took to be a loose stone, which rolled down the side of the ravine, striking right and left against the stones in its descent, and giving out, every time it struck against them, a musical sound as distinct as that of the deputy bell, but of a different pitch.

"When I heard that second tone," says M. Bordes, "I paused in my rapid walk towards the singing school; the idea of the lithophone presented itself to my mind. I struck my forehead with my finger thus (suiting the gesture to the word), and I cried 'Eureka!'"

But though "the idea" had presented itself fully formed in that luminous moment to the mind of the owner of *Le Petit Paradis*, its realization in "pure silex" has occupied the inventor for twelve years. The search after fossils was prosecuted with fresh vigor, exercising, one may infer, an unfavorable ef-

fect on the surface beauty of the Perigourdin Eden and on every fossil and every bit of stone disinterred by his workmen did the indefatigable seeker bestow an interrogatory tap. But in no instance has he been able to elicit a musical sound from any species of stone; fossils only, as far as his experience goes, having this property, and in the proportion only of one to many thousands. Whenever he found a fossil possessed of sonority he carried it home forthwith and deposited it in triumph upon the plank which he had appropriated for the purpose, and which he now retains in the completed instrument as a *souvenir* of the hopes and fears, the despondencies and elations of the long and patient search into which he has put all the intense and concentrated enthusiasm peculiar to the votaries of hobby-horses.

CURIOUS RESULTS.

As he obtained the sonorous fossils in question he ranged them in their proper order, leaving spaces between them to be filled by future waifs, and at length had the pleasure (as he says, "the happiness") of seeing the interval between the upper and lower notes of his pet invention, really filled by the consecutive series of intermediate sound necessary to constitute a perfect musical scale. Singularly enough, in his twelve years' search, though he has found duplicates of a few of the tones in his gamut, he has never found a fossil giving a note either higher than the highest, or lower than the lowest of the fossil-piano he has succeeded in forming.

The fossils forming the keys of the lithophone have not been touched by saw or chisel, but are exactly as when taken out of the earth; nor can M. Bordes offer any explanation of the fact of their exceptional sonority.

Among the fossils he has brought to Paris are figs and other fruits still to be found in that region, with others not now known. On one curious fossil vegetable a cockle fastened itself, and has become a fossil in its turn. One of the figs shows the bite of some animal that has eaten away one side of it; proving, thinks the inventor of the "natural piano," that the immersion to which these fossils are due must have taken place in the autumn, the fig being ripe, and very suddenly, as, though ripe and partly eaten, the form of the fruit is otherwise perfect as it would not be if it had remained exposed many days to the action of the air.

Musical Societies in New York.

NEW YORK, APRIL 10, 1861.—*Editor of the Transcript*:—Our nation is one which is hardly yet entitled to be called "musical," although the initial steps which are to make us one have been taken, and we may expect a new era in music to dawn upon us at an early period.

We cannot yet boast of large musical societies, such as exist in England, France and other countries which sustain *Conservatoires de Musique*, and offer every facility to render smooth the royal road to knowledge in the "Art Divine;" but progress is the law, and the time is rapidly approaching when we shall stand on an equal footing with other nations in matters pertaining to the fine arts, as we now do in all that belongs to the practical and useful.

That this condition will ultimately be brought about, we have assurance in the many influences at work tending to such a consummation, among which may be mentioned particularly the large number of artists residing in our midst who have been educated in the schools of Europe, or are natives of those countries where wealth is lavishly expended in the encouragement of art. In order to exhibit the present condition of our people in matters relating particularly to musical art, I propose to present your readers with a sketch of the history and attainments of the leading choral societies of this city, in accordance with a promise made some weeks since.

As a general rule, our societies meet once or twice per week for practising the standard works of Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, etc., as well as the more modern productions of some of our own native composers. Only those who have gone through the necessary rudimentary instruction, and can read music at sight, are admitted to membership, as their design is to practice rather than instruct.

The New York Harmonic Society, established in the year 1852, was founded with a view to the promotion and encouragement of the musical interests of New York, by holding stated rehearsals for the practice of the highest class of sacred and secular music, giving public performances, and such other means as might be deemed desirable. Its first officers were Isaac M. Phye, President; E. M. Carrington, Vice President, and Archibald Johnston, Treasurer. Mr. George F. Bristow was unanimously elected conductor, and has so continued to the present time. In 1857 it became a body politic, by the issue of its

charter on April 16 of that year. The management of the affairs of the society is vested in a board of fifteen officers, subdivided into committees, of which are two standing, four tenor, and four bass. This board meets the first Tuesday in every month for the transaction of the general business of the society. The members assemble for rehearsal every Monday evening throughout the year at their rooms in Dodworth's Academy on Broadway. They have no vacation during the summer months and never miss a rehearsal of some kind, on the stated evening, under any circumstances.

Most of the productions of the great masters have become familiar to the Society, and many publicly performed, averaging four or five in the year. The "Messiah" is invariably performed by them on the evening of Christmas Day. In some instances these public appearances have been of a very interesting character; among them may be mentioned the Jenny Lind concert, the opening of the Crystal Palace, the great Musical Congress under the direction of M. Jullien, the Atlantic Cable celebration, the Bristow Testimonial, etc. There were other performances of the Society, with Jullien and his famous orchestra, and still others of greater or less note. Its more recent productions have been the new oratorio by Geo. F. Bristow, "Praise to God," produced three times—the last at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, which proved a complete success. This Oratorio, which I have already noticed at some length, is the first American production ever performed with such signal marks of approbation. As a work of art it is most excellent, an honor to the composer, a credit to his country; it suffers nothing from comparison with standard works, and will rank high as a masterpiece—criticisms from all quarters abound in panegyrics.

Among the earliest performances of the Society was the "Messiah" with Jullien's orchestra. The leading vocalists were, Miss Maria Brainerd, soprano, Madame Pico, contralto, and Signor Badiali, basso; on this occasion, Miss Brainerd made her first appearance in oratorio, and greatly distinguished herself, singing the entire soprano part, seven solos, with unanimous approbation. This performance of the "Messiah" has been considered the finest and most successful ever given here. The receipts were nearly \$4,000. It was given in the Metropolitan Hall (since destroyed by fire)—the only complete and elegant concert hall New York could ever boast of.

The Society numbers 240 members. Of the male members there are two divisions, corporate and associate the former paying \$10 per annum, having the sole direction of its affairs, &c., and the latter paying \$4 per annum, having no voice in its management. Although the enterprise has not received the cordial support and encouragement it merits, it has, nevertheless, not only maintained its ground, but has been successful thus far, and is now in a flourishing condition. The Society owns an extensive and valuable library containing all the most celebrated oratorios, and very many of less merit; it owns, also, one of Steinway's excellent grand pianos. Its present prosperous condition may be attributed to the exertions of its indefatigable President and Treasurer, as also their Conductor, Mr. Bristow.

One feature of this Society is particularly worthy of attention. Although there is nothing in the constitution or by-laws to that effect, it is generally understood that no professional musician—excepting, of course, the conductor—shall hold office, and to this regulation it is generally conceded that the society owes, to a great degree, its success—as the proverbial *cliquism* which ruins all societies is by this means avoided.

The "Mendelssohn Union"—one of our best societies—was formed in the year 1853, by a number of ladies and gentlemen who felt the necessity of an institution which should study and bring before the public works of more varied class than any then existing. The great design of those directly interested was mutual pleasure and improvement, and a desire to elevate the musical taste of its patrons.

As its name indicates, the society has bestowed the larger share of its labors to the production of the works of Mendelssohn. It was first organized with Dr. James M. Quinn as President, and the talented Messrs. H. C. Timm and George W. Morgan, as alternate pianists and conductors. Mr. Morgan has been without interruption, the conductor since its foundation, and Mr. William Bergé—the distinguished organist of St. Francis Xavier's Catholic Church in Sixteenth street—the regular pianist during the past five seasons. It only admits to membership professors, and such amateurs as are competent and correct readers of music at sight, and now numbers nearly one hundred performing members, who, with the celebrated organists and pianists, Messrs. Berge,

Currie and Beal, form a company equal to the requirements of almost any of the grand works of the great composers.

A new and peculiar feature which has been added to their season performances consists of an aquatic moonlight festival and concert, for which purpose a large steamboat is chartered. The first of these, inaugurated in the summer of 1859, was so highly successful and popular, that another was undertaken last summer; and it is probable that they will be continued annually.

Its founders intended that the society should be self-supporting, through the yearly dues of its members and subscribers, without any appeal to the public by sale of tickets at concerts or otherwise. This plan was eminently successful until the fifth season, when the plan of selling tickets was adopted, which resulted unfavorably. The "Union" has since adhered to the course originally marked out, and its present financial condition clearly demonstrates this as the most successful mode of establishing such a society upon a firm basis.

The rehearsals are held every Thursday evening, in the lecture room of Rev. Dr. Ganse's church in Twenty-third street, and within a year or two have become matters of interest, attracting large numbers of visitors and lovers of music. During the past five months, the choruses of Wallace's new opera, "Lurline," have been in rehearsal, and it was successfully produced at a public concert last Saturday evening. It is proposed to take up next the "Amber Witch," Wallace's latest work, by many thought to be superior to "Lurline." Mr. Bergé is writing an oratorio, "St. Peter," and Mr. Morgan is also engaged upon one, to be called "St. Paul"—both for this society. Neither is as yet completed.

Among the works practiced and performed by the "Union," are Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," "Elijah," "Lobgesang," "Loreley," "Athalie," "Walpurgis-night," etc.; Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," Haydn's "Creation" and "Seasons"; Mozart's celebrated "Requiem"; Rossini's "Moses in Egypt" and "Stabat Mater"; Spohr's "Last Judgment"; Costa's "Eli" and Stoeppel's "Hiawatha." Of these, "St. Paul," the "Creation," "Loreley," "Eli" and "Hiawatha" were accompanied by full orchestra—the last named at the Academy of Music, and all of them in a style equal to anything previously heard in this city.

The "Union" is now in its seventh season; its list of yearly subscribers has slowly, but constantly increased, and we trust that the time is not far distant when its design will be appreciated by lovers of music, and that it may be placed on a sure footing among the permanent institutions of the city.

The New York Philharmonic Society, which is, without exception, the first society of the kind in this country, was organized in the year 1841, and is consequently now in the twenty-first year of its existence—an honor and an ornament to our city.

It is made up of the best resident musical talent, and is very thoroughly drilled and ably conducted by Messrs. Theodore Eisfeld and Carl Bergmann, under whose direction fifteen public rehearsals and five concerts are given at the Academy of Music each season, affording to its subscribers an opportunity of hearing the greatest *chef d'œuvres* of musical art and some of the finest specimens of vocal and instrumental execution.

This society now numbers 27 subscribing members or those who pay ten dollars per season and are entitled to three tickets to each of the five concerts; 1128 associate members, who subscribe five dollars per season and receive a ticket to each of the public rehearsals and one to each of the five concerts; and 204 professional members who pay a fee of three dollars, and are entitled to the same privilege as the associates. The orchestra numbers about 80 performers.

In my next, I shall speak of some of the societies in Brooklyn, and the German societies in this city.—*Transcript.*

(From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

Musical Literature.

What shall the next generation do without a Scudo? and what musical student is there who has not on his book shelves, or scattered among the heaps of music on his table or piano, the various volumes of "Critique et Littérature Musicale," "Année Musicale" and Chevalier Sarti?

The contents of these books are articles collected from various French reviews for which Scudo has been writing for many years. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* continues almost monthly to have one of his charming criticisms, which we may read scoldingly, probably, but always with pleasure and profit. These criticisms are often full of dogmatism, preju-

dice, and sharp, severe, even bitter judgment; but every liberal minded, good-natured artist cannot help liking them, nevertheless; must consult them, and rely on them as authority.

He brings to his critical duty a highly cultivated and well stored mind. Liszt and Berlioz and Lacome write charmingly about music, but they write like rhapsodists many times, and always like musicians, interesting the musical student only, so do Wagner and Schumann, and several others; but the musician who desires to see his art better comprehended by the intelligent and refined, by those who enjoy painting and sculpture, and architecture, and all the other grand chapels in the superb cathedrals of art, must rejoice most over Scudo, for he writes upon music sensibly and without nonsense or ecstasies, giving to our divine art a literary dignity and charm, that its sister arts have long possessed, a species of æsthetic criticism, which is written in such an intelligent and agreeable style, that men and women of refined tastes and reading habits, who may not be musicians even, can enjoy it as they do the writings of a Winckelman, a Schlegel or a Ruskin, and through it comprehend better this great art of Palestrina, Pergolesi, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven.

His most ordinary articles, those which are simply notices of new publications, have their own peculiar cleverness, and the regular reader of Scudo never passes them over hastily, for one always feels sure of finding something suggestive in them. In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for the first part of January of this year, is a short one on Hengel's edition of Semiramis for voice and piano, M. de Vaucorbeil's songs, Cherbuliez's Collection of Sacred Music and M. Mathias' (the pianiste) edition of six grand symphonies of Mozart.

When noticing the new edition of Rossini's Semiramis, he gives a running critique upon the manner in which Mmes. Penco and Albani sung this opera, this winter, at Theatre Italien, in Paris, which he says they did with *un bonheur d'exécution* that deeply touched the audience. Mme. Penco's true feeling and perfect comprehension of the grand rôle of the Queen of Babylon made M. Scudo pardon her shortcomings in the way of voice and vocalization, and he thought her especially clever in the first part of the grand finale of the first act.

Albani was a little too elegiac in Arsace—that is what she was thirteen years ago, according to M. Paul Scudo. In his fine article on "L'Art du Chant en Italie," written in January, 1848, while giving the then young cantatrice almost enthusiastic praise, he said, "One only desired in such an exquisite talent, a little more force, accent and depth," in this same part of Arsace. But she must have advanced some little at least in this part, for he says she sung the grand duo in the second act with Semiramis (Mme. Penco) with rare perfection, the Ebhen a *te ferisei!* which was one of Mme. Pisoni's triumphs over thirty years ago, when this opera and its creator were young, and the musical world was drinking its first draught of this celebrated Cyprus wine, the fruit of a revolutionary vintage, for Rossini was the result of that time, as the melodramatic Verdi is of the intervening one.

Scudo compliments M. Hengel by saying of him that he is an intelligent editor and very zealous for the interests of the artists he loves to gather around him. This edition of Semiramis he has had arranged for voice and piano with much care, from the score as they sing it at the French Opera; the French translation follows the Italian text of the libretto; and the book is adorned with two fine lithographic portraits of the great maestro author, Rossini, "one of him at the happy age of twenty-eight, with a smile on his lips and his eyes sparkling with genius, the other representing him as he can be seen daily, enjoying peacefully his incontestable and imperishable glory."

He winds up his notice of this Semiramis book with a remark that shows his nice, exact taste—that, after all, the Semiramis, as represented at the French Theatre, even with the two sisters Marchisio and the fine choruses, compare with the true Semiramis, such as was given at the Theatre Italien, only as a good translation of a fine poem compares with the original.

The notice of M. de Vaucorbeil's songs makes one wish to hear them; not that they receive good, hearty praise, but enough to create interest. French songs of society, "ballads," as we call them, are, for the most part, delicious. They have all the tenderness without the monotony and solemnity of German songs. Who does not remember Bérat's "Normandie" and Grisar's "La Fille" and that little green and gold album of Masini peeping out on the music shelves reminds us of "Ou ra mon ame" and "Ton image" delicious creations of this "Bellini de

la Romance," as Scudo called this charming song writer quite ten years ago.

But to return to M. de Vaucorbeil. Scudo's remarks on him are worth translating; he says:

"An amateur, a man of taste, a *quasi* artist, who has for a long time hesitated between a certain literary world, where his mind has developed, and the purely musical one into which he enters but timidly, M. de Vaucorbeil has published a collection of melodies which are more remarkable for the elevated, poetical idea which has preoccupied the author, than for any freedom or novelty in the musical phrase.

"The first time that I happened to hear in a drawing room some light compositions of M. de Vaucorbeil, sung by M. Roger, I was struck by the disparity between his conceptions which is sometimes elevated—as in "Les Chênes d'Argos," for example—and the representation of his thought, which is meagre and expressed with a character of *préciosité*, showing more of the literary man than the musician.

"Nevertheless, M. de Vaucorbeil understands music. He loves and knows how to appreciate true masterpieces, and his refined taste does not allow itself to be easily taken with fallacious theories. But his compositions want life, and have not that healthy air which pleases every one; they cannot be sung with success except before a select and artificial society; before women, men of letters, painters, artists, in a word, who are pleased with ingenious creations of the mind, and the casuistry of *cœurs incompris*."

"M. de Vaucorbeil will be astonished, perhaps, when I say of him, with all due respect to his own individuality, that he is subject to the same style of illusions which are peculiar to M. Berlioz. He believes he has expressed in his songs thoughts which have haunted his delicate imagination, but which he only reveals to us in an incomplete manner, and under a form which has in it less of the musician than of the poet. M. de Vaucorbeil is too young and too intelligent not to be able to make a victorious reply sometime in the future to our objections."

In speaking of M. Cherbuliez's collection of sacred music, Scudo alludes to the deplorable state of religious music, in France; a state it is in almost everywhere; and the attempts that are being made to restore it to its primitive devotional form. These attempts, though laughable, are almost in vain, one might fear. There is little of the tranquil, pious spirit of old Christian art remaining in either music or painting. Then the hardest thing an artist has to struggle with now is the total absence of deep, simple, childlike faith in, and feeling for, any thing—which characterizes our time—"deep feeling which that profound æsthetic master, Schlegel, said well, was the only true source of lofty art."

The whole world, the old world and the new, seem to be in every point falling into what the French political writer, Forcade, calls a vast work of dissolution and into something which is at least the symptom of a general revolution, if it is not a revolution itself."

Then in such unsettled times, when all faiths are shaken, political, social and artistic; old monarchical governments seek liberty and bestowing freedom; young democratic countries questioning the wisdom of their free institutions, everything in a state of feverish ferment, how can we expect to see reproduced anything like those works which were the pure quiet growth of a simple believing age? "Every effort will be useless, it seems, unless artists and their audience, the world, shall be completely transformed, and become endowed with earnest, religious feeling, genuine devotion, and immortal faith. Fancy sporting with the symbols of catholicism, uninspired by that love which is stronger than death, will never attain exalted Christian beauty." So wrote Schlegel about painting at the commencement of this present human phase of affairs, and very well it applies to music now. But let us hear what M. Scudo has to say.

"Religious music, the expression of that profound but indefinite feeling which the soul experiences when collecting itself and howing before the grand idea of God, and which feeling encloses so many mysteries, has always pre-occupied a great number of distinguished minds. Of all styles of music, religious music in France is in the most deplorable state. A Congress has been formed at Paris to consult upon the means of elevating religious art and to know what should be done for the restoration of that chimera called the Gregorian chant, and to give to the Catholic faith the musical form which belongs to its spirit.

"We shall follow the labors of this Congress, without indulging in any illusions, however, as to the result of their debates. The cause of this evil which is being deplored is not a simple one. As to our opinions, we propose some day, in a moment of leisure, to develop them, at present we shall only

say some words on a collection of sacred songs for one and several voices, which, under the title of *Alleluia*, has been published by M. Joel Cherbuliez.

"It is the pious and careful work of a protestant minister, M. Theodore Paul, who lives in the environs of Geneva. Composed of the finest passages of Handel, Mozart, and above all of the great Sebastian Bach, this collection is divided into two series, forming two well engraved volumes with French and German words. The second series, which is a more remarkable selection than the first, contains forty-two passages taken from Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Weber, Leo, Marcello, Lotti, Vittoria, &c.

"We might very well make some remarks on the merit of (and often strange prosody of) the French words which the author has put above the original text; but we will refrain and only ask why did not M. Paul indicate the particular works of the Masters from whom he has selected these passages. There is no fear of being too explicit in these sort of publications, which address themselves to the humblest minds."

The Organ.

THIRTEENTH STUDY.—QUALITY OF TONE CONTINUED, AND ITS SECOND PRINCIPAL CAUSE, FORM—THE FREE REED.

The quality of the tone of reed pipes does without doubt most especially depend on the relative proportions of the pipe, the tongue, and the reed; but it depends, above all, on the way in which the reed itself is constructed. It is well known that reeds are of two kinds, the *free* reed, and the *striking* reed. This last kind produces a sharp metallic quality of tone, and this mainly arises from the tongue striking sharply against the edges of the groove. That sharp, trumpet quality of tone, which so takes the fancy of those who admire orchestral music, has for a long time been a cause of offence to persons who are not so wholly prejudiced in its favor, especially when they meet with it in a church of small dimensions, where there is but little sounding room, and they or others have often compared its tones, harsh and ill-proportioned to the size of the place, to the grating sound which is produced by dragging a heavy wooden bench over a stone pavement. Nor was it until long after science had ceased to devote its energies exclusively to the interests of ecclesiastical art, that, at the beginning of this century, when the sacred fire of zeal for the ancient traditions was again lighted up, a certain learned admirer of organs, M. Grenié, was inspired with the means of softening the quality of the reed pipes used in their construction. This he did by so arranging the tongue, with regard to the reed, that one might pass evenly within the other without meeting with any resistance. The two pieces are in fact so exactly fitted one to the other in his system, that the tongue would seem to be cut of the reed. Its action may be described as follows:—When the tongue, which is a thin piece of metal, is set in motion by the wind, on its passage upwards from the foot of the pipe into the reed, it gives way under its pressure for so much of its length as is pliant enough to do so, and is then brought back to its former position by its own spring-like nature. This alternate action of air upon the tongue, and of the tongue upon the air, lasts as long as the wind is supplied to the foot of the pipe, and results in the production of a quality of tone as delicate as it is penetrating. The tones also of a reed thus constructed are far better suited to blend with those of the flue pipes than those of reeds made in the ordinary way.

There is little more than the above to say about the free reed. It is generally fitted to pipes, the bodies of which are made to a length which has been found by experience to be the best for the still further development of its tones, and somewhat shorter than those of the striking reeds. These last speak best, as is well known, with pipes which are three quarters of the length of flue pipes of the same note, while the free reed speaks well with a pipe which is not more than half the length of the flue pipe. With even shorter pipes than these, M. Grenié has made free reeds, which speak the note of a 16-foot open pipe, with all the regularity and vigor which is required of them, though not with a tone which is equal in these respects to that of the French reed-stop, called the *bombarde*.*

The dimensions of the tongue, with regard to length, width, and thickness, are of as much importance in the construction of free reeds, as they are in that of the striking reed. If these details are not attended to, it will be subject to various irregular movements in its wrestling with the wind. As the end, when the tongue of the free reed is fastened, is firmly fixed, no amount of wind can possibly make it vary in pitch; but this does not prevent it from being affected by an accident to which all metals are liable,

namely, a change in the temperature, and to this it is most sensitive. Hence heat makes it get flat, cold makes it get sharp, so that in winter a free reed will sometimes be as much as a quarter of a tone sharper than it is in summer. An extra pressure of wind has no more effect on the free reed than to widen the range of its beats, and consequently to give greater vigor to its power; a diminished pressure has, of course, a contrary effect; but in neither case is the pitch of the note altered. The ease with which its sounds may be thus augmented or diminished, according to the pressure of the wind, has given rise to its being used for the production of those effects of expression which are generally understood by the words *crescendo* and *diminuendo*. These effects are not, it is true, wholly inadequate for the expression of human feeling, though, after all, in a very imperfect way, and to apply them to the great organ, whose tones are throughout even and equal, is as contrary to the qualities of music in general, as it is to the traditions of music of the church.

We would allow, then, the introduction of the free reed into an organ intended for the service of the church, not as an expression stop merely, by which the feelings of the faithful may be moved, or their attention distracted, but because it points out to us a way, as brilliant as it is sweet, by which we may get rid both of that hard quality of tone of the striking reed, and because it will tend to put a stop to the noisy clatter of French organ-playing leaving us with nothing to fall back upon, as is the case with the Germans, but the dull monotony of wood and metal flue pipes. It may be added, that the introduction of free reeds into our larger church-organs, is, in the first place, due to a member of the French magistracy, M. Hamel, a judge at Beauvais. Of his skill and practical knowledge we have already had occasion to speak in terms of praise. In the year 1827, he superintended in person the building of the large organ of the cathedral of Beauvais, and for the first time applied the free reed system to this very remarkable instrument.†

* This system may be found reproduced in the organ's expression made by M. Muller, Rue Ville l'Évêque, Paris.

† It appears that, in the organ built by M. Hamel, the free reed stops were supplied with wind from a bellows of their own. For we find, in an account published by M. Dautjon for the Orange Building Society, of which he says he has the artistic direction, an additional fact in the history of the origin of the free reed. "The firm of MM. Daublanie, Callinet, and Co.," writes M. Dautjon, "offers to our notice, at this moment (1844), an improvement in organ building, which consists in employing for the production of expression on their stops, the wind from the ordinary organ bellows. The extra pressure required for this wind is got by means of a pedal, which is at the command of the foot of the player. Henceforward, then, a separate bellows for these expression stops is no longer necessary. For this interesting invention the firm of MM. Daublanie and Callinet has received a patent."

Mimetic Music.

When Joseph Haydn, in his days, was composing the music of Bernardoni's ballet, "Le Diable Boiteux," a sea storm, incidental to that piece, as Madame Dudevant tells us, cost him a world of pains, the remembrance of which would make him laugh at fourscore. Bernardoni wanted the tempest to be an out-and-out—a regular high-flying hurricane—a witches' hurly-burly of thunder, lightning, wind and rain—in the very best marine manner. But Joseph was no mariner, and felt as though any such marine piece was beyond him. He was at a loss how to describe in crotchets and quavers what he had never seen, and could only land-lubber like guess about. So we read that his good friend and ally, the Porporina, pictured to honest Beppo the Adriatic in a storm, and sang the mournful plaint of the waves, those sad sea waves, not without laughing at the imitative harmonies which require to be aided by blue cloths, shaken from scene to scene by vigorous arms—a very sad sort of sea waves indeed. One night, however, the young German's perplexity was happily relieved by a colloquy on the subject with the experienced maestro, Porpora himself. That able authority assures Haydn that he might labor for a hundred years with the best instruments in the world, and the most intimate knowledge of wind and waters, without being able to translate the divine harmonies of nature. This, contends the master, is not the province of music, which is merely guilty of folly and conceit when it runs after noisy effects and endeavors to imitate the war of the elements. Its domain he affirms to be that of the emotions: its aim is to inspire them, as its origin is from their inspiration. What the young composer has to think of, then, is of a man abandoned to the fury

of the waves, and a prey to the deepest terror: he is to imagine a scene at once frightful and sublime; the danger imminent; and then, placing himself in the midst of this distress, this disorder, this confusion and despair, to give expression to his anguish, assured that his hearers, intelligent or not, will share it. "They will imagine that they hear the groaning of the timbers, the shouts of the mariners, the despair of the helpless passengers. What would you say of a poet who, in order to depict a battle, should tell you in verse that the cannon uttered *boom, boom*, and the drums *dub, dub*? It would be a better imitation than any image, but it would not be poetry. Painting itself, descriptive art *par excellence*, does not consist in servile imitation. The artist would trace in vain the dull green sea, the dark and stormy skyscape, the shattered bark. If his feelings do not enable him to render the terrible and poetical whole, his picture will make as little impression as any alehouse sign." And therefore would old Porpora have young Haydn, on this tentative occasion, seek to inspire his whole being with the idea of some great disaster; for thus, and only thus, would he make his storm-scene tell on the feelings of others. Thus and only thus, might and must his sea-piece

Suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange,

instead of remaining poor and common.

Ariel's song reminds us by the way, in connection with the same subject, but in the case of another great German composer, that Beethoven is said to have hinted that Shakespeare's "Tempest" was in his mind when he composed his Sonata Appassionata (which has been described as shining resplendent among his other sonatas, like Sirius amongst the stars). And musical critics hold that the fancy will find much to support this derivative suggestion. The first movement for instance, wild and gusty, has been compared* to the course of a vessel over a boundless ocean, now pelted with storms, and anon scudding cheerily before the gale; while the second, "solemn and dirge-like, with its mysterious bass—in which certain singular retardations are introduced, giving an effect somewhat like a peal of bells, recalls Ariel's song, "Full fathom five thy father lies." The depths of the ocean, with its hidden splendors, seem to be opened to us. The last movement is one prolonged storm, suggestive of a sea on which no ship can live, of powerless endeavor and remorseless wreck.

Mr. Hogarth's Musical History contains an account of Haydn's early difficulty, in finding himself "at sea" (in a double sense), or in a composer's sea of troubles—in hardly a metaphorical one,—which is more prosaic and less elegantly didactic than that introduced in George Sand's æsthetical romance. Haydn's own report of the matter, in after years, is that upon which our musical historian's narrative is based. Neither the librettist, Curtz by name, nor Joseph, had ever looked on the sea, so that their notions, individually and conjointly, of its appearance when tempest-tossed were necessarily somewhat vague. However, they must brew a storm between them, somehow: so Haydn sat at the harpsichord, while Curtz paced about the room, and tried to furnish the composer with ideas. "Imagine," said he, "a mountain rising, and then a valley sinking,—and then another mountain and another valley;—the mountains and valleys must follow each other every instant. Then you must have claps of thunder and flashes of lightning, and the noise of the wind; but, above all, you must represent distinctly the mountains and valleys." Haydn, meanwhile, kept trying all sorts of passages, ran up and down the scale, and exhausted his ingenuity in heaping together chromatic intervals and strange discords. Still Curtz was not satisfied. At last the musician, out of all patience, extended his hand to the extremities of the keys, and bringing them rapidly together, exclaimed, "the deuce take the tempest.—I can make nothing of it." "That is the very thing!"† shouted Curtz, in rapture at this chance-medley solution of the problem. Curtz and Porpora had different ideas of high art and sound practice.

(Continued on page 31.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 27, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Waltz by Chopin, Op. 64, No. 3.

Concert of the Handel and Haydn Society
in aid of the Government.

Arts as well as laws are silent when the country is under arms. Our readers, therefore, can expect but a meagre chronicle of musical matters for some time to come. Indeed, it would be almost impossible to find any one who could calmly sit down to hear a concert, and still more impossible to find one who could calmly write about one. When the blood is boiling with indignation at the humiliation of our country's flag before the army of traitors who beleaguered its little band of defenders, when every heart is beating with one patriotic pulse, when but one voice and one mind exists throughout this people which has risen as one man to the defence of the Nation's Capital, and to vindicate the honor of the Nation's flag, at such a time, there are few who can listen patiently to the instruments of peace, when the clang of the trumpet, the stirring beat of the drum and the shrill voice of the life are heard in our streets, calling to arms.

Our readers will notice the advertisement of the Handel and Haydn Society, which, with the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society and the Germania Band, will give a concert at the Music Hall, of miscellaneous, patriotic and national music, *this evening*. Every thing connected with this concert is freely given, and the proceeds are to be handed to His Excellency the Governor of this Commonwealth, for the purpose of aiding in the arming and equipping of troops. The programme will be found on the first page, and in these times such music will be sure to touch a chord of patriotism in the heart of every hearer who is disposed in this way to contribute his mite for the common good. We trust that the Music Hall may be crowded as it never was before, and that a substantial sum may be handed over to the treasury of Massachusetts.

Concerts.

We have to record three concerts since the printing of our last issue, all of which had but a slim attendance, and one afternoon concert with a goodly number of hearers.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, gave an extra parlor concert at Cambridge in Lyceum Hall on Friday, April 19th, offering on their programme two such sterling pieces as Beethoven's Septette and Schubert's Octette.

1. Septette, in E flat, op. 29..... Beethoven
For Violin, Viola, Violoncello, Bass, Clarinette, Horn and Bassoon.
2. The celebrated Adagio, ("God save the Emperor," with variations from Quartette No. 77..... Haydn
3. Fantaisie for violin, on Hungarian themes..... Molique
Wm. Schulze.
4. Adagio, from the Second Quintette in B flat, op. 57
{ Song without words in G. No 4, 5th book Mendelssohn
Arranged for Quintette, by Thomas Ryan.
5. Octette, in F, op. 166..... F. Schubert
Scherzo, and Finale, Adagio and Allegro.

The first of the two might have received in the pp. passages and in those places where staccato notes occur more attention from some of the performers. The portion of the Octette from the Scherzo beginning, which was the only one performed, was played finely. So were the other pieces, Mr. Schulze rendering his solo with the true Hungarian impetuosity. At the close of the concert the gentlemen played patriotic airs to the great acceptance of the company, who rising to their feet applauded heartily, almost succeeding in an encore.

MISS MARY FAY'S MATINEE, took place at the Hall of the Messrs. Chickering at noon on Saturday, April 20th. We were not personally present, but learn from a friend that the audience was much pleased with the performance, in which Miss Fay was assisted by MESSRS. LANG, EICHBERG and FRIES.

1. Piano Trio in C minor (Op. 49)..... Mendelssohn
2. Reminiscence de Lucia de Lammermoor..... Liszt
3. Andante con Variazioni, from Sonata in A dur (Op. 47)..... Beethoven
4. Bolero..... Hiller
5. Grand Fantaisie on Norms, for two pianos..... Thalberg
6. Fantaisie on Mosefijn Egypt..... Thalberg

A musical friend reports to us his utter astonishment at an occurrence which ought not to go unnoticed. This most unusual feat was the introduction of the wonderful variations from Beethoven's Kreutzer-Sonata by some measures of a tune commonly called "Dixie." We should really like to know what object the fair concert-giver had in doing so? Other comments seem to be unnecessary.

THE ORPHEUS MUSICAL ASSOCIATION gave a concert on Saturday evening, April the 20th, at the Music Hall, assisted by Mrs. KEMPTON and Mr. Wm. SCHULZE.

- PART I.
1. Chorus—The Lord is my Shepherd..... Schubert
(231 Psalm.)
 2. Aria—From Tannhauser..... Wagner
C. Schraubstaedler.
 3. Chorus—Abschied vom Walde..... A. Kreissmann
 4. Cavatina—Alli. Sestivo..... Mercadante
Mrs. Kempton.
 5. Chorus—She is mine..... Hartel
 6. Fantaisie on a Scotch theme, for the violin..... David
Wm. Schulze.
 7. Aria—From "Die Entführung"..... Mozart
A. Kreissmann.
 8. Walzer—(By request)..... Vogel

- PART II.
- Chorus—The Cheerful Wanderer..... Mendelssohn
 2. Song—O Welcome Fair Woods..... Franz
A. Kreissmann.
 3. Chorus—"Das Kirchlein"..... Becker
 4. Quartette—Serenade..... A. Kreissmann
(By request.)
 5. Song—We met by Chance..... Kücken
Mrs. Kempton.
 6. Trio—From "Die Entführung"..... Mozart
Messrs. Kreissmann, W. and C. Schraubstaedler.
 7. Chorus—Auf den Bergen..... Abt

They sang the choruses and solos with their usual excellence. Mrs. Kempton in the song by KÜCKEN and in the second verse of the Star Spangled Banner, which was substituted for the Chorus of Antr, retarded and accelerated the movement constantly. We think this wrong. Such simple airs as that by Kücken and people's songs require as much of evenness, naturalness and simplicity in their rendering, as compatible with sentiment and expression.

Mr. Schulze played a difficult solo by *Concertmeister* DAVID of Leipzig finely, and with commendable purity of intonation. Mr. Kreissmann sang "O welcome fair woods," beautifully.

The concert was given for a benevolent object, in aid of the Christian Unity, a society for the assistance of the poor, of which Rev. E. E. Hale has the management, and we are told there were tickets enough sold to fill the hall; but it was the day after the second battle of Lexington, and in such times cannon and drums are more congenial sounds than the sweet concord of tones.

THE WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON CONCERT, April 24th, was well attended. The programme was excellent.

- PART I.
1. Overture—"Coriolanus"..... Beethoven
 2. Concert Waltz—"Marian"..... Lanner
 3. Symphony, No. 3—(Scotch)..... Mendelssohn
By request. (Op. 70.)

- PART II.
1. Marcia Funebre..... Chopin
(By request.) Arranged for the Orchestral Union by Kopplitz.
 2. Solo on the English Horn.....
Performed by A. L. DeRiba.
 3. New Polka—"Apropos"..... F. Suck

In this point, indeed, these concerts are unsurpassable, considering the price of admission. To have Coriolan, Mendelssohn's Scotch symphony and Chopin's funeral march in one afternoon is a boon to music-lovers. As to this last piece we would say, that the first part, in B flat minor, which sounds by

far better on the piano, than in the arrangement, might be made more effective by the bass instruments holding the B flat D flat of the bass, extending over the first 14 measures, their full length. The upsoaring phrase in D flat major, which follows on the contrary sounds better with the orchestra than on the piano. The second part, in D flat major, might have been played somewhat more tenderly and softly. And this is a remark which we have to make with regard to the playing of the orchestra generally. We find that *pianissimo*, even *pianos* are frequently left unheeded, the piano often sounding as loud as *mezzo-forte* ought to sound. It was noticeable in BEETHOVEN's eighth symphony, they played some weeks ago, and again very strongly in the MENDELSSOHN symphonies, the Italian and the Scotch. Fine effects are constantly lost in this way. To quote but one instance in the place of many. The fine climax at the beginning of the second part of the symphony where the rising of the angry winds and the turbulent waves is depicted in tones, from the perfect, hushed, expectant lull to the furious outbreak, was spoiled in this way by beginning *mezzo-forte* instead of *pianissimo*. The only part perfectly free from this neglect, and in this respect coming up to the expectations of the most exact critic, was the second movement, which delighted us much. And the second melody was as fine a *pianissimo*, even after the string quartette was joined by the reeds and brass, as one could desire. It is to be hoped that the Union will pay more attention to this point for the sake of the immortal masters and their own. Mr. Suck's Polka has some fine parts. Mr. RINAS' solo on the English Horn was deservedly much applauded. #1

Musical Correspondence.

CINCINNATI, APRIL 22.—Mr. F. L. Ritter, leader of the St. Cecilia Society, gave a "Concert Symphonique" at the new hall of the Catholic Institute, on last Thursday evening. It was Mr. Ritter's intention to have made this concert the first of a series, the programmes of each composed of the *chefs d'œuvre* of the best masters; but the great political excitement that now absorbs all minor interests, may probably interfere with his plan.

Mozart's Symphony in F minor, Beethoven's "Prometheus" overture, Mendelssohn's "Athalia" march, Kalliwoda's Concert Overture; these were the orchestral selections, smoothly played by an orchestra of twenty-six members.

Howard Vaughan gave us a concerto by De Beriot; this young violinist is an acceptable soloist and will prove a valuable addition to our small number of reliable orchestra players. Weber's concerto for pianoforte and orchestra was played with considerable aplomb by Mr. H. G. Andres.

This concert, wholly as regards the selections, and partly as regards the execution of these, was the best we have had here for years. Such a programme as that of Thursday, refines the taste of the public and excites respect for the artists concerned in its arrangement and execution. Such noble music is a delight at any time; but in an hour of feverish anxiety like the present, it is a peaceful and elevating relief to ear, mind, and heart.

In spite of telegrams, and the patriotic volunteering, drilling, leave-taking, &c., going forward, the attendance at this concert was numerous and encouraging.

The new hall possesses admirable acoustic properties—at least so far as the orchestra is concerned. ARABESQUE.

Chopin's Mazurkas and Waltzes.

Our publishers have just issued a volume containing the Mazurkas and Waltzes of Chopin, which are universally recognized as among the most brilliant and beautiful works that have been added to the repertoire of the modern pianist. It is needless here and now to go into any description of these compositions, many of which are familiar to every accomplished pianist and to every intelligent listener to concerts of the best music. It is sufficient to say that the volume under notice is neatly printed, as our readers who recollect the specimen pages that have occasionally appeared in this Journal will admit, on good fair white paper, and neatly bound in cloth. Liszt's article upon Chopin, which appeared some years ago in these columns, is prefixed to the volume. Many of our readers will recollect this interesting criticism, which gives an idea of the personal qualities of the composer himself, by one who, of all men, was most fitted by nature, by kindred pursuits and by culture, to appreciate the rare genius

of the composer and to describe him to others, so that they too might understand the character of the man and of his works. A biographical sketch of Chopin, by Mr. Davison, is also prefixed to the volume, adding much to its interest and value. We give in our music pages this week a waltz taken from this volume, (Op. 64, No. 3).

DR. GUILMETTE'S LECTURE ON VOCAL CULTURE.

—Having been prevented from attending this lecture, we copy from a daily paper, the following notice. We learn that Dr. G. has formed classes for instruction in this matter, so vitally important to every public singer and speaker, and indeed to every one, if considered simply in its relations to health and vigorous life.

A few days since we had occasion to commend a pamphlet on Vocal Culture, by Dr. Guilmette, of New York. On Tuesday evening we had the pleasure of hearing him expound and illustrate his views, in a lecture, at Chickering's room. His audience, as might be expected at a time when the minds of men are absorbed by one exciting theme, was small, but highly attentive and appreciating. The lecturer's personal appearance is of a kind which at once arrests and commands attention. He is a little below the average stature, but his massive build creates the impression of height. A striking head and face rises from shoulders of Atlantean breadth; and his deep, cubic chest is a practical commendation of his system of gymnastic training. The purity of his tone, and the distinctness of his enunciation, approved themselves to the ear as much as his aspect did to the sight. His English is nearly perfect in structure, and only a very slight foreign accent is perceptible. He commenced by asking the indulgence of the audience for the nervous exhaustion under which he was laboring, on account of the severe labors he had recently been through; but his fatigue was revealed only a very deliberate and quiet manner, which was exactly to our taste, and entirely appropriate to the matter of his lecture, which was entirely didactic and expository.

He proceeded to give an anatomical description of the organs of speech, aided by a model, in illustration of the cardinal doctrine of his system, that the voice is simply vocal breath. There is no analogy between the organs of speech and any stringed instrument. His expositions were very clear, and made extremely interesting by the model used in illustration. He explained the functions of the windpipe, the lungs, and the diaphragm in the production of vocal and articulate sounds; denying the assumed importance of the abdominal muscles. He gave a brief sketch of the literature of the subject; characterizing the writers who had treated of the voice, and stating their merits and defects. Many curious experiments were performed; and the lecturer gave a practical exemplification of his own capacity of expiration and inspiration. The latter part of the lecture was mainly occupied with a practical explanation of the various exercises used by the lecturer in his teachings, for the improvement of the vocal organs, and the strengthening of the muscles of the chest.

Dr. Guilmette combines qualities not usually met together. He is a good anatomist and physiologist, and also a professional singer of a high order. His lecture was at once instructive and interesting; free from everything rhetorical or extravagant; and his manner we should characterize in one word as very gentlemanly. We regret that he has come among us at a time so inauspicious to himself.

Concluded from page 29.)

That Haydn—despite the old maestro's supposed harangue on the imitative powers of music—cherished a certain weakness for mimetic effects in orchestral composition, more than one mature production of his will sufficiently prove. Madame de Staël records how her enjoyment of the performance of his "Creation," at Vienna, by a band of four hundred, was marred by some of the composer's crotchets (not technically speaking). How at the words, "let there be light: and there was light," the instruments played at first very softly, so as scarcely to be heard, and then suddenly broke out into a tumultuous crash, to signify the genesis of the daylight:—upon which stroke of art a certain wit, *homme d'esprit*, pleased madame by observing that "à l'apparition de la lumière il fallait se boucher les oreilles."† Then again Staël the Epicene, as Byron rather ambidextrously styled her, noted with disapproval how the music trailed and dragged while the serpents were being created, and recovered its brilliancy and animation with the

birth-song of the birds. In Haydn's "Seasons," she complains, these *allusions* are multiplied exceedingly; *concelli* she calls them, which a healthy taste would reject. Not but that certain combinations of harmony can recal some of nature's many marvels, but these analogies (she maintains) have no reference to imitation, which is never anything better than a *jeu factice*.

The real resemblances among the fine arts one with another, and those which exist between the fine arts and nature, are dependent upon feelings of the same kind as those excited by them in our souls by a variety of means.‡ One cannot but agree with Lady Eastlake that Haydn's servile representations of the tiger's leaps, of the stag's branching horns, of the pattering hail—why he gave a pert staccato triplet accompaniment to the rolling of "awful thunder" is not so easily accounted for.¶—are so many blots on his glorious "Creation." The verdure-clad fields, the purling brook, the mild light of the moon as she "glides through the silent night," delight us not so much from the correctness of the musical image, for the same music would express other worlds, as from the intrinsic sweetness of the melody, the exquisite song with which Haydn always overflows. But, as Lady Eastlake adds, his "rising sun with dawning rays" is an utter failure—and is by her compared to a watchman's lantern striking down a dark alley, not the orb of day illuminating the earth.

Again, in the fine trio, "Most beautiful appear," while the bass voice sings the words, "Upheaved from the deep, the immense leviathan sports on the foaming wave," the lashing of the water by the animal's tail, as Mr. Hogarth remarks, is imitated by some *whisking* passages on the double-bass. "Then we have the roar of the lion, the sudden leaps of the tiger, the galloping of the horse, the whirl of the cloud of insects, and the crawling of the reptile. Nothing can be more ingenious than these imitative passages; but then they are *amusing*, which nothing ought to be in a work of this exalted class."*

That Mr. Hogarth, provided the *amusing* be excluded, can go far enough in his estimate of music's potential imitativeness, is clear from his criticism on Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. In that work he tells us we seem to feel the freshness of a summer morning—to hear the rustling of the breeze, the waving of the woods, the cheerful notes of the birds, and the cries of the animals; to stray along the margin of a meandering brook, and listen to the murmuring of its waters; to join a group of villagers, keeping holiday with joyous songs and dances; to watch the sky grow dark, hear the thunder growl, and witness a storm burst on the alarmed rustics, whose cries of dismay are audible amid the elemental strife. "The clouds pass away, the muttering of the thunder is more and more distant, all becomes quiet and placid, and the stillness is broken by the pastoral song of gratitude. Nothing can be more beautiful or more true to nature than every part of the representation. It requires no explanation, but places every image before the mind with a distinctness which neither poetry nor painting could surpass, and with a beauty which neither of them could equal." It was remarked at the time, by an Edinburgh Reviewer, that in this passage the enthusiasm of the author had carried him off his feet; and that the concluding part of the last sentence put one not a little in mind of a certain captain mentioned in "Peter Simple," who describes his mother as being so splendid a pianoforte player, that upon one occasion, when she was delighting her friends with her performance, she introduced an imitation of thunder so exquisite, that the cream for tea became sour, besides three casks of beer in the cellar. The reviewer insists that this is scarcely more ludicrous than it is to say, that the descriptive powers of the *Sinfonia Pastorale*, great as they undoubtedly are, or any instrumental music unaccompanied by words, ever can place imagery before the mind, with a distinctness equal to poetry or painting. Beethoven himself, it is added in corroboration of this view, has furnished us with an explanation, in words, of the different scenes he intended to delineate; which implies

his consciousness, that the graphic power of his pencil, without such explanations, could never be made to convey any definite idea of visual objects, or to give anything more than the general character of certain emotions, or to excite certain trains of association.† For executants of *Lieder ohne Worte*, who claim to see a perfect and unmistakable meaning in every bar, need to be reminded, in their too far-reaching clairvoyance, of the subjective philosophy of Coleridge's line,

O lady, we receive but what we give.

Grant that music may be said to paint nature: but how? Rousseau says that it commonly abandons the impossible attempt to paint nature direct, for the practicable one of throwing our feelings, by means all her own, into a state resembling that which the object to be painted would actually produce. Instead of painting a tranquil night,‡ which is in itself impossible, music imparts to the soul the same sensation, by exciting the self-same feelings that a tranquil night is apt to inspire.

Goethe's essay towards fixing an "æsthetic base" for music, in the shape of certain axioms which assume that it must be either sacred or profane, either solemn altogether or altogether joyous, has naturally been contested with spirit. M. Charles, in his impeachment of it—beginning, "What! music can be nothing but either joyous or solemn! The expression of impassioned love and of tender melancholy pertains not to music! The wailings of wounded spirit are beyond its range!" &c., &c.,—goes on to maintain, that music is on the contrary, an almost infinite science, the domain whereof let no Goethe dare restrict or curtail; and concludes: "There are but two usurpations which must be forbidden to music:—the pretence of painting to the eye, which is an absurd trespass on the grounds of painting itself, and that of reasoning, which is a silly aggression on the province of thought."§

Gustave Planche, again, in his critique on Mozart's masterpiece, argues at some length the question of the limits of musical expression. To seek in music for a means by which to translate the human passions, individually, one by one; to try to express by sounds, not only the tumultuous movements of the soul in their most striking generality, but also the details, and minutie even, of those movements,—is nothing less, in M. Planche's opinion, than to ignore or betray the mission of musical art. But, on the other hand, to see in music a mere amusement, more or less lively, an occupation for the ear only and not at all for the brain; to exclude passion from the orchestra and from the voice; to desire nothing in the combination of sounds, beyond an ingenious artifice, designed to produce certain impressions which sometimes excite to an intoxicating degree, which at others are so voluptuous and *nonchalantes* as to induce balmy sleep; this he accounts a no less important mistake. He would have a musician abstain from trying to express, in dramatic music, sentiments of a limited or exact kind; such, for instance, as ambition or jealousy; and to choose the most general and indefinite, the most constant and vivid, of emotions, such as joy, anger, tenderness, and never to risk an entrance on those narrower routes which can be trod by the poet alone without stumbling.¶

For music, as all but those who have no music in their souls well know, is capable, in the words of Hartley Coleridge,¶ of expressing and evoking any simple emotion; it may imitate the rapid succession or dazzling alternation of feeling, or, dying away to silence, may symbolise the fading of passion into pensiveness. It may also, to a certain extent, he says, express action, as action consists in motion; but beyond this it cannot go. "It cannot narrate, describe, or reason. It is of little assistance to the understanding, and though it may stimulate, it cannot inform the imagination. True, words may supply all these deficiencies, and true, there is no narrative, description, reasoning, or imagination, that is truly poetical, but what involves or engenders a pleasurable feeling, nor any feeling of which some modification of numerous sounds is not a con-

ductor. But, nevertheless, those compositions will be found best accommodated to musical expression, for which music supplies a natural and universal language, and such are love, grief, and devotion; because in all these the feeling suggests the thoughts, and not the thoughts or imagery the feeling." These remarks are apropos of certain analogies of expression between music and poetry. and an anonymous essayist of Hartley Coleridge's school (if not Hartley himself), in a tractate on Poetical Description, has pronounced the imitative quality of poetry to differ altogether from that of painting, but to bear a strong analogy to that of music, her consorted sister in days of old. While painting, as he says, "acts immediately upon the eye, and only mediately upon the intellect, music and poetry pay their first addresses to the ear, and both are capable of suggesting infinitely more than words can say. "Painting provides ready-made images. Poetry, like music, disposes the soul to be imaginative, by exciting sympathy." Virgil's line, imitatively graphic, with its five dactyles in a row.

Quadrupedante putrem sonitū quatit ungula campum,

is meant to express the thundering gallop of horse, as Mr. deQuincey points out, in which the beats of the hoof return with regular intervals; and Homer in a celebrated line has sought to express mimetically the rolling, thundering, leaping motion of a stone. The critic just named assumes either poet to have sought a picturesque effect; but he reminds us that picturesqueness, like any other effect, must be subordinated to a higher law of beauty. "Whence, indeed, it is that the very limits of imitation arise for every art, sculpture, painting, &c., indicating what it ought not to imitate. And unless regard is had to such higher restraints, metrical effects become as silly and childish as the musical effect in Kotzwarra's "Battle of Prague," with its ridiculous attempts to mimic the firing of cannon, groans of the wounded, &c., instead of involving the passion of a battle in the agitation of the music."†† Yet how many of us, in our pianoforte days, held those "Battle of Prague" mimics to be first-rate, and declared the accuracy of imitation to be perfect—especially (what we knew such a deal about) the cries of the wounded. Was it not your case, madam?—unless indeed you are, happily, one of a generation that are yet in their teens. You were impressed by the old-fashioned mimetics of that ambitious exercise, for they were impressed by the old-fashioned mimetics of that ambitious exercise, for they were childish and you were a child. And when you were a child, you, like others, apostles included, thought as a child, spoke as a child, understood as a child; but now that you are become a—woman of a certain age, you have long ago put away childish things, among them the "Battle of Prague." You will never wear pinafore or fight that battle o'er again.

Art, according to Goethe's English biographer, is picture painting, not picture writing. "Beethoven in his Symphonies, may have expressed grand psychological conceptions, which, for the mind that interprets them, may give an extra charm to strains of ravishment; but if the strains in themselves do not possess a magic, if they do not sting the soul with a keen delight, then let the meaning be never so profound, it will pass unheeded, because the primary requisite of music is not that it shall present grand thoughts, but that it shall agitate the soul with musical emotions.*"

Music, then, must tell on the feelings to be music at all. And as an instrument of expression, it deals with feelings in general classes, not in individual illustrations. Sydney Smith rules that music "can express only classes of feelings; it can express only melancholy, not any particular instance or action of melancholy." The tune of *Lochaber no more*, for example, is referred to, as expressing the pathetic in general; actual words must be employed before we can recognise in it that particular instance of the pathetic, where a poor soldier takes leave of his native shore, and his wife Jean, with a presentiment that he shall see them never again. Whenever we hear an

air to which we know no words, it can inspire only general emotion; when poetry applies the general emotion to particular instances, musical expression has attained its maxim of effect. It is said, continues the portly priest of St. Paul's, "that the 'Pastorale,' of Corelli was intended for an imitation of the song of angels hovering about the fields of Bethlehem, and gradually soaring up to heaven; it is impossible, however, that the music itself can convey any such expression—it can convey only the feelings of solemnity, of rapture, of enthusiasm; imagination must do the rest."‡ Had the Reverend Sydney happened to be in his average mood of jocularly, one can imagine the exuberance of fun he could have poked at, or out of the pseudo-pastoral theory about Corelli's Pastorale.

A fellow reviewer of his, starting from the same text, of Scottish melodies, indulged in some reasonable strictures on that craving for novelty which has led composers into the field where music is weakest,—that of direct imitation of natural sounds by musical notes,—a species of rivalry, the hopelessness of which makes us feel the good sense of Agassius's answer, when asked to hear a man sing who could imitate the nightingale,—"I have heard the nightingale herself." Musicians are shown to have attempted not merely to imitate sounds by notes, but even to represent motion—to describe the seasons—to convey the impressions of color;—or even to narrate the incidents of a battle or a campaign; for the ingenious organist of Ferdinand III., Froberger, is said to have presented a very striking musical representation of Count Thurn's passage over the Rhine, and the danger of the transit, "in twenty-six cataracts, or falls of notes."§ Indeed, adds our reviewer, "when a taste for this sort of mimetic music is once introduced (the proper sphere of which would be the comic opera), it is wonderful how even the greatest genius gives way to the contagion, and follows the herd,—for a greater than Froberger, Handel, has now and then ventured upon similar tricks of sound. In the 'Messiah,' at the passage, 'I will shake the heavens and the earth,' he has introduced a sort of musical pun, by repeating the word several times on a chain of musical shakes, 'as if,' says a critic, 'the quavering of the voice could represent the commotions of the world.' And in his 'Israel in Egypt,' he has undertaken to represent, by musical notes, two of the plagues of Egypt, viz. the buzzing of flies and the hopping of frogs."||

(To be continued.)

* See the *Saturday Review*, No. 80.

† See George Hogarth's *Musical History, Biography, and Criticism*, vol. i. pp. 292 sq.

‡ Compare, or contrast, with this cavil at Haydn's *Fiat Lux*, the following ardent tribute by the present King of Hanover: "But, above all, how impressively, with all the powers of music, does the composer delineate the moment—And there was light—called forth by the creative word *Let there be light*!"

§ At these words the orchestra breaks out in a truly electrical manner, producing an entire bewilderment. The listener feels the full impression which the actual happening of this awe-inspiring miracle of the Almighty would make upon him, and that sublime achievement is thus most awe-inspiring and convincingly brought home to the senses of the earthly man, through this picturing by tones, in the only mode in which a sensible image of it could be presented to him."—*Ideen und Betrachtungen über die Eigenschaften der Musik*. Hanover, 1839.

|| To which estimate of a musical Monarch may be here appended that of a critical Queen's Counsel:—"The burst of a fine orchestra will seldom fail to produce an electrical rush of feeling, faintly reflective of the actual occurrence of the miracle; but the sole resemblance will be found to consist in the fullness and suddenness of the shock."

—*Hayward's Biog. and Crit. Essays*, II. 223.

¶ De Stiel, *Des Beaux-Arts en Allemagne*.

|| See the eloquent essay on Music in *Quarterly Review* for September, 1848.

* *Musical History*, &c., by George Hogarth, vol. i. p. 311.

† See *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xlii. p. 41.

‡ See De Stendhal's *Correspondance Inédite*, Ire série, xi.

§ *Études sur l'Allemagne*: Goethe, § 1.

¶ *Études sur les Arts*: Mozart.

|| *Biographia Borealis*: William Roscoe.

** What is Poetical Description? Blackwood, 1839.

†† De Quincey's *Homer and the Homerids*, part iii.

* G. H. Lewes, *Life and Works of Goethe*, II. 428.

† *Sketches of Moral Philosophy*, lect. 13.

‡ Which reminds us, by the way, of an incidental remark of Mr. Hayward's in his essay on the Imitative Powers of Music (reprinted from the *Quarterly Review*.)

§ On the whole, we are inclined to think that, when Lock's blind man said that the sound of a trumpet suggested the idea of scarlet to his mind, he unconsciously prescribed the precise limits within which the legitimate powers of the higher kind of music are confined." &c.—*Biographical and Critical Essays*, by A. Hayward, Q. C. II. 223.

¶ Sir J. Hawkins, vol. i. Preliminary Disc., p. 3.

|| *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxi. p. 159.

Special Notices.

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Fine arrangements, such as every good player should now-a-days have at his fingers' ends. They are short and to the point. The well-known airs come out with all the brilliancy modern pianism can give them. They are treated in truly grand style, yet only moderately difficult.

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